

Sperry

APOLLO and DAPHNE.

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M A S Q U E.

ATOLLO and DAPHNE.

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APOLLO and DAPHNE.

Dramatis Personæ

M A S Q U E.

Set to M U S I C K,

And Perform'd at the T H E A T R E Royal
in D R U R Y - L A N E.

Protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen aman-
tis. Ovid.

L O N D O N :

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Dramatis Personæ.

Apollo,

Mrs. Margarita.

Daphne,

Mrs. Barbier.

Peneus,

Mr. Turner.

Doris,

Mrs. Willis.

SCENE the Valley of Tempe, in Thessaly.

L O N D O N :



APOLLO and DAPHNE.

The First SCENE is a River. Peneus, a River-God, appears on a Bed of Rushes, leaning on his Urn. He rises, and comes forward, his Head crown'd with Rushes and Flowers, a Reed in his Hand.

PENEUS.

HOW long must *Peneus* chide in vain
His Daughter's Coyness and Disdain?
Thro' *Tempe's* pleasant Vales and Bow'rs
As my full Urn its Current pours,
In every Plain, from every Grove
I hear the Sighs of slighted Love;
And on my rushy Banks the *Silvans* cry
Why ever cruel, *Daphne*, why?

A 3

But

But see She comes, the beauteous Cause;
 Daphne, my just Commands attend,
 Hear me, thy Father and thy Friend,
 And yield at last to Love and Hymen's Laws.

DAPHNE.

O Peneus urge this cruel Suit no more.
 Have I not to Diana sworn?
 Behold again to her I bow,
 Devoted ever to remain
 A Virgin of her Spotless Train,
 Hear, Cynthia, and confirm my Vow.

How happy are we,
 How airy, how free,
 That rove thro' the Woods and the Plains!

In vain the blind Boy
 Our Hearts wou'd decoy,
 We scorn all his Joys and his Pains. [Exit Daph.]

PENEUS.

Rash Maid return—
 What hast thou sworn?
 With thee shall Peneus' Race expire?
 Then hear once more thy slighted Sire,
 And know, thy fatal Vow draws down
 The Curse of Heav'n, a Father's Frown,
 And sure Destruction waits thy Scorn.

Feeble

*Feeble Cupid! vain Deceiver!
What avails thy boasted Quiver?
Where are all thy conqu'ring Arts?*

*They that fly thee
May despise thee;
They who fear thee
And revere thee
Ever meet thy keenest Darts.* [Exit Pen.]

SCENE *changes to a Forest.*

*Apollo Enters with his Bow and Arrows, as having newly
slain the Python.*

A P O L L O.

'Tis done---the Monster Python, slain
By Phæbus' Shafts, lyes breathless on the Plain.
Yet why with Conquest am I thus adorn'd?

Alas! I feel a Mortal's Pain,

Conquer'd by Love, whom once I scorn'd.

O Daphne! till thy Smiles I can obtain,
No more these Marks of Triumph let me bear;

But thus a Shepherd's Semblance wear
Till blest by thee I grow a God again.

[Throws away his Bow and Arrows, and takes up a
Sheep-hook.

See---She appears; how wondrous Fair!
Hail Goddess of these verdant Groves!

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE.

What art thou, or from whence?

APOLLO.

A Swain that loves,

DAPHNE.

Thy unavailing Courtship spare.

Dost thou not daily hear the Shepherds cry

Why ever cruel, Daphne, why?----

Go----with the rest despair.

APOLLO.

No, let the rest despair, while I
Distinguish'd, triumph in the Joy.

Fair blooming Creature!

Each tender Feature

Speaks thee by Nature

For Love design'd.

Then smile consenting

Lost Time repenting,

Let soft Relenting

Now shew thee kind.

DAPHNE.

Canst thou the Mountain Tyger bind,

Or stop the Floods, or fix the Wind?

Do this---- then Daphne will perhaps be kind.

APOLLO.

A P O L L O.

Ev'n Tygers Love's soft Laws obey;
 Art thou more savage far than they?
 Look all around thee, and above!
 Love lights the Skies, and paints the Meads;
 Its genial Flame
 Thro' Heav'n and Earth and Ocean spreads;
 Thou art thy self the happiest Child of Love,
 Do not thy Birth disclaim.

D A P H N E.

Tho' fair as Phæbus thou shou'dst seem,
 And were thy Words soft as his Lyre
 They cou'd not move me to Desire,
 Wake, Shepherd, from thy Dream.

*Cease to sooth thy fruitless Pain;
 Why for Frowns wilt thou be suing?
 Cease to languish and complain.*

*'Tis to seek thy own Undoing
 Still to love, and love in vain.*

A P O L L O.

In her soft Cheeks and beauteous Eyes,
 What new enchanting Graces rise!

[*Aside*

Duetto for Apollo and Daphne.

Apol. No more deny me,
O cease to fly me
Your faithful Swain.

Daph. No longer try me,
For ever fly me
Despairing Swain.

Apol. Yet hear me.

Daph. Forbear me.

Apol. Let Sighs imploring
And Looks adoring
Still speak my Pain.

Daph. Your Sighs imploring
And Looks adoring
But move Disdain. [Exit Daph.

A P O L L O.

She's gone----nor knows from whom she flies,

Mistaken Coyness! false Disdain!

Phæbus she prais'd, but scorns the Swain---

Then, breaking from this dark Disguise,

When Phæbus what he is shall seem,

My glittering Rays and melting Lyre

At last shall warm thee to Desire,

And wake thee, Daphne, from thy Dream.

Where

*Where Cupid's Bow is falling, &
Ambition's Charms prevailing
Shall triumph o'er the Fair.*

*The Nymph that Love despises
Some secret Passion prizes
That still forbids Despair.* [Exit Apollo.

Enter Daphne and Doris.

DAPHNE.

Doris, why this trifling Tale?

DORIS.

*That good Advice may once prevail;
Save one---nor all your Lovers lose.*

Alas! that I, poor I might gain

What you each Day refuse!

DAPHNE.

Take all, and ease me of the Pain.

DORIS.

I wou'd---but ah! 'twere now in vain:

When I was a Maiden of twenty,

And my Charms and my Lovers were plenty,

Ah! why did I ever say No?

Now the Swains, tho' I court 'em, all fly me,

I sigh, but no Lover comes nigh me;

Ye Virgins, be warn'd by my Woe!

Ah! why did I ever say No?

DAPHNE.

Poor Doris! dry thy weeping Eyes;
Dost thou repent thou once wert wise?

*Tender Hearts to ev'ry Passion
Still their Freedom wou'd betray,
But how calm is Inclination
When our Reason bears the Sway!*

*Swains themselves, while they pursue us,
Often teach us to deny;
While we fly they fondly wooe us,
If we grow too fond they fly.*

DORIS.

Yet might I see one courting Swain,
Tho' but to slight him once again!---
But come--- I'll amorous Thoughts give o'er.

DAPHNE.

'Tis well! to leave 'em at threescore.
Haste then, and at th' appointed Place
See if the Nymphs expect me for the Chace. [Ex. Doris.]

[*A Symphony of Instruments is heard, whilst Apollo
Descends in the Chariot of the Sun; a Crown of
Rays about his Head, and his Lyre in his Hand.*]

DAPHNE.

What Sounds Cœlestial strike my Ear!
Why does the golden Source of Light
Pour out new Day?---how wond'rous bright!
Some God descends to human Sight;
I'm charm'd, yet aw'd with Fear.

A-

A P O L L O.

Daphne, on Phæbus fix thy Eye,
 With meaner Shapes deceiv'd no more;
 Know, I thy beauteous Form adore;
 Wilt thou a God, a God that loves thee, fly?

[Apollo strikes his Lyre, and Daphne turns back as surpriz'd at the Sound.]

Fairest Mortal! stay and hear,
 Turn thee, leave thy trembling Fear!
 Cannot Love with Musick join'd
 Touch thy unrelenting Mind?
 Fairest Mortal! stay and hear,
 Turn thee, leave thy trembling Fear.

Hark how the River-Shores prolong
 My soft Complaints, and murmur to my Song!

Thy Father Peneus feels my Pain;
 See! how his Officers gently bow,
 And seem my secret Soul to know-----

Daph. aside.] Alas! My rash, my fatal Vow!

Apol. Wilt thou alone unmov'd remain?

[As Daphne is going out she stops, and sings the following Air.]

D A P H N E.

Shall I return?-----or no?-----
 Charms yet unknown surround me;
 Yet Love thou ne'er shalt wound me,
 No more alarm my Breast.

Then

Then let me haste to go--

Ah no, my Heart replies

In tender hearing Sighs.

To Pow'r's restore my Rest.

Apol. O do not go----

Daph. Dost thou not know,

I'm of Diana's Train?

Thy Love forbear----

Apol. Thy Scorn forbear----

Daph. I must not hear;

Apol. O stay and hear;

Daph. Thy Love

Apol. Thy Flight } is vain.

[Exit Daph. pursu'd by Apollo.]

SCENE changes to the River.

Re-enter Daphne looking back as affrighted.

DAPHNE.

He comes---the swift Pursuer comes---O where

Shall I escape his piercing Sight,

Where hide me from the God of Light?

Ah! 'tis in vain---he's here.

[Daphne

Daphne runs to the side of the River, and, as she sings the following Air, is transform'd into a Laurel-Tree.]

Father Peneus! hear me, aid me!

Let some sudden Change invade me,

Fix me rooted on thy Shore.

Cease, Apollo, to persuade me,

I am Daphne now no more—

Apollo enters at the latter End of the Air, and is met by
Peneus.

A P O L L O.

O fatal Flight!—O curst Disdain!

O Peneus, how shall we our Loss deplore?

But see!

The trembling Branches yet her Shape retain:

Tho' Daphne lives a Nymph no more,

She lives, fair Verdant Plant, in thee:

Henceforth be thou Apollo's Tree,

And hear what Honours to thy Leaves remain.

No Thunder e'er shalt blast thy Boughs,

Preserv'd to grace Apollo's Brows,

Kings, Victors, Poets to adorn;

Of in Britannia's Isle thy prosp'rous Green

Shall on the Heads of her great Chiefs be seen,

And by a NASSAU, and a GEORGE, be worn.

P E-

PENEUS.

Still *Peneus*, with a Father's Care,
 Shall feed thee from his flowing *Urn*
 With *Verdure* ever fresh and fair,
 Nor this thy destin'd *Change* shall mourn.

CHORUS, or Duetto of *Apollo* and *Peneus*.

Nature alone can *Love* inspire,
Art is vain to move *Desire*.

If *Nature* once the *Fair* incline,
 To their own *Passion* they resign.

Nature alone can *Love* inspire,
Art is vain to move *Desire*.

F I N I S.